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# P.F.S. POST

## PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

### Peter Finch (Wales, UK): Three Poems

WOBBLE

Rain drought water deserter
Growth shrinkage engorgement puke
coal newspaper newspaper newspaper
curry feather heated night-time
Gower bollock peninsular whoppa
minister fish faith internet

health fatboy insurance Cardi
class solo committee sheep
burger windfarm wallet mouth
poem bongo argument document
peace prick lie-down thunderstorm
Llyn Grangetown pencil Harry Ramsden's

Say birdcage diatribe foreigner
Glass borough vinyl missionary
Duw fatboy Mendelssohn slice-up
Artist vote certificated loopy
Money rain coupon crisp-packet
Sheep sheep sheep sheep

PAINT

Violent White
Azure Eyepatch
Winter Arse

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (Henniker, New Hampshire): from Beams:...
- More from No Tell Motel
- from No Tell Motel
- from Borrowed House
- Tammy Armstrong (Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canad...
- From X-Peri
- More from Equations (Thesis: Julie Hayes)
- More from The Argotist Online (poetry archive)
- From The Argotist Online
- From Eyewear

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives

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Gurgling Sands
Underarm Crush
Blueberry Sandinista
Tropical Testosterone
Sunkist Yellow Underpant
Vanilla Vertigo
Mango Virgina
Warm Topsoil
Duodenum Jade
Fresh Acne

What is the maximum number of times
you have had to repaint the
wall below the dado?

Seven.

MID PERIOD ANGLO-WELSH ENDINGS

(with Loan Word Intrusions)

ove ing es ly ed od ing ic ing ing
orrow ing ing ies ing ing ing ed
ing ing ents ows ly ing ing es
ills ent ough ing ing or or ow
er er er ed er er er er er ert er
ing ing ed ing ing ing ess ed
ills ing ing ing ed ed ing ings
ight ted erns ed oor ly ly ly
edourd ies ound ions ed ing
ent ing ness ent ing ould ly
ince ing ing ing ing ed ings
ic al eat ince ince ing ed ed ed
ers ed ed ing ills ars ible ed

Taff Llandough Gwydion Ianto
Ceridwen Blodeuwedd Cariad Hanes
Arglwyddi Fferyllt da Prydain
Culhwch Olwen Cantref Sion crying Daro

2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009
July 2016 November 2016 January 2017
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2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021
July 2021 December 2022 June 2023
August 2023 September 2023 October 2023
November 2023 December 2023 January
2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024
May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September
2024 October 2024 November 2024
December 2024 January 2025 February
2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025 June
2025 July 2025

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Cwm Cadno Llanrhaedr-ym-Mochnant
Tywysog Tal Tal Tal Tal Tal Tal Tyddyn
Glyndwr Llewelyn Fawr Deganwy
Aberffraw Cynon Dyffryn
Caersalem Pantycelyn
Iago Iago mangle-juice hills

ing ied ul er ed ing an ore an arly
ly ue urn ew ing ead oads ey eak
ing ing ing sts ing ind ad ed ing
ing ing id ied er er ed ing ing
ing ing ing ing ing ing ing ulser ed
est enly et ed ains irs ing
ed ed ess lds ed ains irs ing
ing oom ing ed oom ed oom aws
ence ed ed ed ing ing ily
ed ed ed ion ed ed ed other
other oom oom other oom other

---

## Chris McCabe (Liverpool, UK): Two Sonnets

LIVERPOOL: A SONNET, OR FOURTEEN HIDDEN RHYMES OF UNTESTED SHININESS

Made the mistake of asking how her weekend went,
then a twenty-five minute tirade on neolithic stones
and pagan churches, before my Monday Morning
Dialogue Box had even closed. How we all differ,
even as children: my love's world broke at her
brother's flare of the nostrils, I had to attach
a doll's head to a model plastic kangaroo.
I try to text "love" & fumble out "lout."
Of course in Liverpool we are all employed
in the same open pan office, travel to work
by ferry & go on strike whenever the water
machine goes to pot. Honest we do, Mister Man
with the mortgage muscle. When I return to my
brought-up home, spiders spiral in the garden gate's chrome.

IN THE BACKDROP, BATTERSEA POWERSHOP

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In the backdrop Battersea power-shop, we took snaps
at 2:23 in the morning; Albert Bridge lit tenderly pink
(imagine the shame of being mugged *there* she said).
Every cabbie has a price to Dagenham, squat & check
like a prison dad, he talks Secret London as we go.
All-Ackroyd, sans-Sinclair. She sleeps on the black
backseat & dreams of fish to sing her further asleep:
Jackanory's John Dories. Other Dreams: painted gloves
in toby jugs. ATMs around Westminster were down,
nada nodes, an off-chance as politicians depend on them.
Maggie apparently named 'Daggers' as two from Barking
(there was no dog, just the genesis of the Madhouse).
This is the only time you become defensive of the place,
at three before dawn, emptied, & for one sec blink: think it's yours.

---

**Daniel Nester (Albany, New York, USA): Two Poems**

I WILL TEACH YOU, SIRS, WHAT CENTURY IT IS

Enough about harvests. You never farmed
lint off your armchair let alone a farm.
Even antiques have games that don't last.
You hammered your village sore.
That is why you must unjoin from all this.
That is why cavemen ran inside caves.
Someone went crazy and ran into the caves.
That was the whole idea. If judgments creak
it's not because of flowers for a girlish alternative.
We got real girls for that. It's because the distinction
grows from the teachers who made a point
to be teachers. Not to be as poor as real poor people
are poor. There's nothing peasantlike about that.
Talk about something. Talk about what's
in front of you before the country falls in.

FRAGMENT IN FIVE ACTS

1.

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You made me stop when
your turned on point with
a dish of sandwiches.
I can't understand that.

2.
I took a free preview
of an adult title at my hotel—
and it turned out to be
a bawdy Virgin Atlantic ad

3.
This is where sestinas start
to get boring, Tony says.
There was a heaven I had
in my hand once, right in my hand— it was

4. garden-earth-full and shadowy
back-ups. My mind chatters now
when I think of it. And now it's gone.
From the mention-start I thought

5.
we were friends. I thought nothing
reminds me of fatherly things.
But I'm wrong. It's everything.

---

## John Siddique (Wigan, UK): Five Poems

CHEAP MOISTURISER

I worry every time I see her it may be
the last time. My mother is 74 this year,
that age when, if she doesn't answer
the phone, my stomach backspins.

Today I massaged her hands with moisturiser,
with drops of lavender mixed in it. Her arthritis
is really bad in her left hand. The thumb

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closing over the palm. Her middle finger
thick ropey gristle beneath tissue transparent skin.

This is the first time we've done such a thing
Mother objects at first, but begins to enjoy
my fingers pressing her fingers; the muscle-root
in her forearm, the small marbles that roll
across the muscle.

Often these days we dance to Abba or Queen,
quick two minute waltzes on her green cat-haired
rug that's always crooked. She's not been touched
much in her life. I die if a day goes by without a love.

She never hugged us once we'd stopped being small
My sisters and I are knotty trees in
mum's garden. Now I try to feed and care
for her with lavender oil and hands, hoping
some of the love I taught myself will soak
into her fingers, and backflow into
her body, through the fibres she has grown
over her untouched desire.

## SIMPLE ECONOMICS

We will work
where they will not.

We will learn
where they refuse.

They talk amongst themselves,
say we steal their jobs.

They talk,
we work.

## PINS AND NEEDLES

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That bed, spread with colour like a Klimt kiss.
We are wrapped in cloth, wrapped in glist.
Bound up with each other. Jigsaw pieces of arms.

You find me down the side of the couch.
You sleep hard on my chest. It only takes a minute .
Your breath in time with my heartbeat, and you sleep.

I watch & guess the light through the blind cracks.

In the steep field opposite cows are sleeping,
huddled together. A warm black and white chin
steams on another's back.

We are wrapped in purple and gold thread
You wanted to feel royal. My chin against your forehead,
my sleeping arm quite numb & dead, holding round your back.

(2 newer pieces
'Tree of the world' is from the newly published anthology 'Transparency' (Crocus Books) which I have just edited)

INVOLUTION

There is a town north of here where I'm told
the people are all survivors of small intimate
personal disasters. A whole town of people
who for whatever reasons have all been left
behind. I went there for a while to see if
it was true, all I could tell was that no one
looked like they had had sex in a long while,
good sex that is, that glues you back together.
But they do couple and uncouple at a furious
rate, no relationship gets past five years,
and there are so many children born of these
couplings who won't leave when they're grown.

TREE OF THE WORLD

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On nights when the sounds of the children
we should have had wake me. I sit in the yellow
of the bulb, and place my hands upon the horizon,
spin on the axis mundi which connects us,
even though at times we have no desire
to be connected. The stones on the moor,

touched by so many over the centuries,
so much so they have memories, will tell the stories
of all our confessions. If one will just stand,
and lay one's hands and listen at the centre.

The carvings of spirals and swastikas,
concentric rings and bloodlines, added to
over millennia, will fade in eternities face.
Each year a wipe of a cloth over rough stone,
soon they'll be polished and faceless,
soon they will be sand on the wind.

I will wait for you there, where the symbols
lose their meanings, where our attempts
at holding on are less than nothings, but still the axis,
nameless and unspeakable, is true, never out of sight.

© John Siddique 2005

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**Nick Moudry (Philadelphia, USA): "Imitations of Life"**

I guess everyone should be windy
or hope sunlight butterfly.
It's cold. People are cold.
Green yellow blue cold.
The sky is hope sunlight.
Butterflies fly over the city.
What joy & order. Poems
will always be trees.
Things, too, are trees.

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Sunlight rooster telephone pole.
People are frozen & cannot
smile. They walk around.
Hope sunlight butterfly car.
Green car in the cold, cold ocean.
I like the illuminating butterfly.

People dream like oceans of butterflies
in the cold. People are cold.
I would melt them
but there is too much wind.
Have you seen my stapler?
It is over there by the corn nuts & the butterflies.
Oh, thank you. I have a green car.
It is an ocean. The telephone pole is
a car. People in the cold ocean.
Have you seen my stapler?
It is the ocean. Corn nuts
don't get soggy. People do
unless they are frozen or singing
songs. Sometimes they are soggy
in sunlight & poems about corn nuts.
They staple things & stand in the ocean
looking dumb as poems. I like sunlight
when it's windy. Windy sunlight. That's a dumb
thing to like. So is coffee. I like green tea & roosters.
Rooster telephone pole, green rooster.

Blue ocean, hope of telephone poles. Things
look cold in the poem about people.
Yellow blue green orange. People hope
butterflies can live in the cold ocean.
They are adjectives. Cold adjectives in cars,
stapled to telephone poles. Have you seen
the green ocean? It's cold.
There are no fish, only roosters & butterflies.
Hope cold sunlight green cars.
People are either cold or soggy.
I like corn nuts & brushing my teeth.
I live in a cold recycling bin. It is green

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or blue. There are butterflies. They
are people drinking coffee.
People stand around like telephone poles.
Clothes hope stapled to them like sunlight.
Coffee is always cold. If you thaw a corn nut
it is not soggy. Corn nuts are recyclable.
People, too, are recyclable. They drink coffee.
It tastes bad. They are green roosters. The roosters
are telephone poles & frozen sunlight.

The telephone poles are frozen hope.
Corn nuts grow on trees. People grow.
That is why they are frozen. Butterflies
are not recyclable. They are too soggy
to live in the ocean like roosters. The roosters
eat corn nuts & drink coffee. They are dumb.
Their brains are no bigger than hope.
The sunlight is like cold cold coffee.
It is green. There are cars in it. The cars parked
next to the telephone poles have people in them.
People are ocean. The roosters cannot freeze.
They are adjectives. The ocean is full
of corn nuts. It's windy. Things mean
nothing. They simply are, like corn nuts
& roosters in the sunlight of the recycling bin.
Have you seen my stapler? No, because
there are no adjectives except people drinking
coffee. I like tea. Roosters are adjectives
meaning nothing & drinking the ocean.
I live in a recycled tree.

Ocean sunlight ocean sunlight hope
of people in the cold.
The recycling bin is blue
or it is green. The green butterflies
hope the oceans are snow. In the recycling bin
the cold oceans hope recycling bins sunlight
cars. The cars sunlight bins of recycling hope.
I tree the poems dumb. People dumb
poems hope ocean. Blue yellow green

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cars ocean hope. People hope are dumb.
Dumb people hope oceans are cold.
Roosters live in soggy corn nuts. They are
too frozen to be cold. Cars orange
yellow oceans cold. People dumb
the cold roosters cold. I live in a recycled ocean.
Cars sunlight poems hope. Cold
cold is dumb or blue. Oceans
recycling bins ocean the dumb trees
into telephone poles. Have you seen my stapler?
It is a dumb ocean. Things ocean the
yellow butterflies hope sunlight people.

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# P.F.S. POST

## PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

### Valeria Melchioretto (London, UK): Two Poems

GRANDMOTHER'S CATARACTS
*for Oxfam*

Her eyes stop her from seeing the world for what it had always been
long before the cataracts became an issue. It is hard to say what exactly

she is looking forward to. So many fanciful visions rest at the base
of her eye sockets and words go rancid in the abyss of her throat.

If she had saved the left over umbilical cord of her many children, she
could now weave herself a shawl for cold winter nights when she talks

to her dead husband who as usual doesn't reply. Nothing must be wasted
or else everything is for nothing. No babies thrown out with the bath water

no matter how cheap life must be. She thought of her children as the future,
now she hardly sees them. The cataracts are not to blame but her children's

future is abroad. Every so often the kind neighbors call her over to answer
short long-distance calls. The phone wire has replaced the umbilical cord.

Those wide cheekbones have faced the indispensable as it lurked daily.
Solid corners of her face on which she hangs a sad smile to dry her tears.

Now that the house is empty she wonders how long the future will take
as time is nothing but short spells of rain, long spells of rain and restlessness.

(Orig. published in Poets for a Better Future, ed. Todd Swift, Oxfam, 2004)

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

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CONVERSATION WITH A LAWNMOWER

Is this the green ending we have been waiting for?
The moment when everything recycles, even dead skin,
and everything makes sense, even dead ends?
There is nothing left in the bags under my eyes
that you could possibly claim back, except some lost sleep
over you. What love token can I give you? Would my big toe
do for you to trust? Would it be a big enough sacrifice
in the eyes of earthworms? You ramble here and there,
measuring the shades of greener grass before cutting.
Tell me, is this finally the funeral of choice or the end
of the lead dictated by the length of the garden path?

(Unpublished, *Back the Leaves*, 2003)

---

## George Bowering (Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada): Three Poems

OVER-RIPE GRAIN

I'm not too fond these days
of the magic hand of chance.
I feel my brain slip sideways,
slip forward, as if it seeks
to elude the magic grip of chance.

When still taller than my pile of books,
I ogled chance, I kissed the air
and sent it wafting to the face
of fate, who knew me not, whose stars
were shining not when I came home.

My shoulder waits with irksome fear
the magic finger of chance.
And I don't want to know about it.
I'll talk half, I say, half
the odds, the magic dodge of chance.

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## POEMS ABOUT ENGLAND

How can poems about England
make me homesick, make me
hold the book against my face
and give half way to tears?

Or something like that. I've been
in England a few times, felt strange
at home there, stood six feet
over my DNA in Berkshire.

English paintings don't do it, movies
are familiar and foreign, need subtitles.
English novels are historical, about classes,
and generally dull as dishwater.

But poems about England and walking
in England make me homesick,
make me feel at home and
sad as hell. My other half

is from hills in the US south.
When I see people from there
in their faded dusty suspenders
I feel lonely as an English poem.

## MUSING ON SOME POETS

Those poets, heads coming out of collars,
advised us, showed us how to hold paper and look good,
did we sometime grow tired of them, those
who lived for us,
died for us,
rotted under ground for us,
are still
so we may move.

Not friends, really, not teachers,
poets, whose names glittered when we were alone,

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whose books dropped like gleaming newborn calves into our unsteady hands,
did we read them as if pulling shavings off our souls,
never stepped out of the Pacific combers with shine on morning face,
never twisted body out of grip of giant ogre
save with our inspiration of our poets,
and who knows what our
means?

What are we now besides older;
a young man newly graduated from university,
black gown still on him said I envy you and your friends,
you got to make the last ones,
there isn't anything to make now, or no one knows what there is.
I said it seems that way but there is always something,
and I showed him my teeth through yellow beer.

Do we old farts say thank you every genuflecting morning
to those poets with agate names who showed us their synapses?
Nowadays the young want us to love the earth,
And I never say out loud to them that my dear old people
discard cigarettes and write that's left of poems.
They were low lights between mountains visible
to the evening gaze, they were evaporate mornings,
They are not mulch but stones in the earth, they are not
specimens but the authors of words should be whispered inside a dark bowl
from Siena.

I have no remaining skill for form,
just feel words jostle each other in doorways on the way out, sit here this
evening remembering a former life, I'm with friends
all lovely all restrained by hope, all agreed without saying so
those poets gave us a way to waste our lives
saying useless things, smiling indulgently at each other's personal diaspora,
carrying mismatched goodies on the way to the grave,
trip, fall into hole, write on dirt walls
a first and last sonnet,
solving all, coming to rest, combing hair, adjusting socks,
kissing no one but the image of Jesus, disbursing mind as if it were mercury,
listening for the voices to arrive with the worms.

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## Derek Adams (London, UK): Two Poems

MIDAS

This is not the bright shiny gold
of the High
Street jewellers
but the deep yellow gold
of a late summer's afternoon,
of sand and tanned skin,
of ripe wheat waving in the wind
and the wave of your hair,
of the buttercup reflected under your chin,
of skate meuniere
and sweet Sauternes wine,
of a single malt nightcap
and a yellow bedspread,
of fresh orange juice
and toast spread with honey,
of the morning sunlight shining
through the down on your thigh.

SOUVENIR

12:04 am— the floodlights
of Sacre Coeur have just died.
Tourists are still being drawn
by the pavement artists
in the Place du Tertre.

Just around the corner,
a boy perches on a low wall
his back to the city.
Her back to him; on his lap,
a girl, legs astride his.

Her right hand pushes
a short denim skirt
down between white legs.
Her left hand bunches

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pale blue knickers into a ball.

She is a metronome,
keeping time
with African rhythms
that rise on air
sweet with Moroccan Black

from the tiered gardens
next to the funiculaire,
where a group of young Algerians
beat painted derbouka
gripped between their knees.

Beyond the couple, against the dark
the lights of the city
wink through traffic fumes,
the Eiffel tower
so small it would fit on a key ring.

---

### Featured Poet: Andrew Duncan (Nottingham, UK)

Andrew Duncan creates a poetic world, self-contained and self-sufficient, which resonates squarely with contemporary dilemmas. How does an artist function in a society torn apart by wars and ideological confusions? More pertinently, is this an important or useful function?

Duncan approaches these dilemmas from a stance equal parts anguished resolve, mediated acceptance, and willful refusal. Duncan is a poet of deliberate ambiguities and artfully balanced evasions; world and language are processed as palpable and impalpable substances, agents of being and non-being. Duncan's shards-of-glass prosody is notable not only because it is sustained, but because he compels us to acknowledge its edginess. Duncan's texts represent a dark form of surface/depth integrity.

Duncan has released many collections of poetry, including *In a German Hotel*, *Alien Skies*, and *Skeleton Looking at Chinese Pictures*. A "Selected" poems, *Anxiety Before Entering a Room*, was released by Salt Publishing in 2001.

Here is an in-depth interview with Andrew Duncan.

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from *In a German Hotel* (1977-78)

1. ABSENCE

I live in a room of white walls
I only come here at night
Which no one sees but me

And Ali has a day off and on his day off
He walks in the village square in his new suit
Walks and then goes back inside

I wear the sweater on my day off
And I could never wear it any other day
And I could never wear it without crying

2. POEM TWO

Day shift in the windowless room. Fall behind a few minutes every hour. A landscape of shouts. And you can't cover up. An expression of fear on you; inside, a freezing river.

It's contact with the world that hurts me. I think in pidgin. The landscape of shouts. My stomach hurts with worry.

We see food and we see its wreckage. Watch the waitress eat off the plates the guests leave, the pretty waitresses. I can't think in English any more. our eyes are buried deep in the soil. The waste product of perception. We are the bowels of many rich men. I see a week of hours and a week of weeks. Two hundred meals an hour. It's the instants I can't stand. Ten per cent too fast turns all thoughts to pains. memory hurts too. We are the victims of desire. Do straw dogs ache for a straw death?

ON FIRST PUBLICATION

Three years' work and it's worth nothing.
Less than that nothing worth
The dole of L13 each Tuesday from other hands.

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You pay for the printing, you work on the setting.
You put it out and no one buys it.
Amateur! The pros tell how it feels to be rich
In paperbacks as bright as sweet packets.

Who'd have thought I cared so much for money?
My years fold in pleat on pleat of yellow treason.

I'm exhausted by warring shadows.
More calm? more force? unclear, I start to shake.

I draw benefit, one of the leisured class.
I don't have to work. There is none.
I think all the time. I try to remember
The Welsh poetic vocabulary.

A principle of silence has ordered our habits.
How long? how long?

I'm almost blind with total light, with
Dew, half drunk by the sun, half weighed down by night.
I love my art; cruel sister, remote princess.

A strong man needs strong enemies:
Poverty, madness, disdain, compromise, silence.

Years of thought. At last I crawl across the floor
To put my hands in the boss's pockets.

THE METALLIC AUTUMN

Rain silvers the slate roofs, smoke blows through the rain.
The hawthorn hedges are a red haze.
The hills above the town are blurred by mist.
Beauty is stripped away.
Light is pierced with nostalgia, slow and lax.
Decadent season.
Water forms as a haze between light and rain.
Flowers and leaves decaying in the streams,
mix earth and water in slow dispersal.

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Blur steals over visible forms,
smoke and moulder stir in the ash of light.
The pools are sorrowful, the sips of flowers split.
I find a single apple whole after all these weeks,
skin whole and pulp firm as sapwood.

In a slush of softness and excrescence,
late berries languish on the tendrils,
lush to dissolution, spoilt with juice,
blacker than nature with a white tinge like regret.
In the shadow of the sunny fronds,
where dew never dries, they drink and rot.
Rain on the leaf, dew on the bine. Mites
finger the abacus of their flesh.
Rain silvers the roof-slates, smoke blows through the rain.

Season of memory and regret.
Barrels coop up the giddy hearts for recollection.
The animals grow lazier and furrier:
search out shelter and apathy!
The heady noon is gone, the soft inner of the blossoms
and their offer. The rarer veins are frozen in their course.
We waited for the glance of the sun.
The osier of bare birch twigs seems like smoke
against the red glow of the Apple going down.

Rain silvers the roof-slates, smoke blows through the rain.
A swirl of leaves like heavy fire
pours through the tamping of a world on the wane.
The darkened sky withholds the weary forms.
Crepuscle, dissolution of concepts;
season of case-hardening ash,
season of ferment and thorough steeping.
Fruits infringe their brinks and stream their brims,
overlapping the thick pulp of fallen things.

The principle of ice shall come to judgment
on the lusts of Nature, searching out the flaw.
Bare branches detach pure metre from an obese rhetoric.

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Blue glare shall stake out the torpid mist,
pure-axile crystals shall affirm the morass.

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## John Siddique (Wigan, UK): Two Poems

KING STREET, WIGAN

Behind the theme bar facades is a town.
Behind the attitudes there's Saturday night.
Behind Saturday night is the shadow of the week.
We make ourselves all week.
Blow it all down on King Street, where the fighting
has turned to 'destroy at all costs,' where the flirting
has a slap down waiting in it. The Saturday night grab,
drunk and fucking our northern souls away,
if we're lucky. Or shouting the tribal 'Oi,'
with hot sauce on our kebabs if we're not.

PROCESSION

Under arches five drinkers on the tarmac path,
on the River Bann with its summer balsam,
its cool dark swim calling smoothly, before
showing the teeth of its undercurrent.

In the town, years and bombs have stolen
names and shops, changed the directions of paths.
Who will remember life before Dunnes Stores?
The lines of O'Neills, Livingstones and Brownes?

As a pope kisses the ground, feet are insulated
from the tarmac. One day we should announce
that Sunday is 'Barefoot Day'. With clean feet
we'll walk the shoppers processional route,
follow the staggered steps of legendary drinkers,
who would just sleep on the kerb if they couldn't
get home. The soles of our feet pulling in
occasional electrons, leaving some of our own.

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We'll gather on traffic islands to recite
the names of the dead. A candle lit vigil for
the beaten, the bombed, the broken, the forgotten,
the died in bed, the lost, and the beloved.

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## Dee Rimbaud (Glasgow, Scotland): Three (Interconnected) Poems

CONTAINMENT

A fake tan, you smile and talk of double glazing,
Gesticulating carelessly,
Rose wine perilously swirling in cut crystal:
Aching to be absorbed,
To be at one with the thick pile
Of the carpet softly underfoot...

ASYLUM ANTECHAMBER

Black cascade, a fragile note hung trembling
In the thick white air: a swansung requiem
To the degeneration of myriad miraculous visions.
Then tell me, what did you see before you spiralled
So recklessly into the abyss?

GRAPHOMANIA

Did you not once allude, that through the cracks in the world
Other possibilities might make themselves manifest?

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## Amy King (New York City, USA): Two Poems

SOMETHING LIKE SEX A WEEK AGO LINGERS

Fire is my fence with gravity to grow
from. With stenciled-on feathers,

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lovers count backwards from infinity
reborn, then anxiously land where
no darkness can guide us.
I was sick as a stitch
falling higher on valium and
how much I missed your luscious night.
That’s how sweat passes, a translucent gas.

Everyone sends notes of promise.
Everywhere I go I meet them,
those sympathetic theorists,
those college classrooms on wheels.
People don’t graduate to ignore conflict.
They are seized by repertoire appetites,
by the dirt on crisper bullets
of the world-not-them.
They make haste and say things like:
a struggle induced to shed luck,
the luck of language hanging on,
the luxury of land to be speaking from.

Come along with us, they say –
but mean it? If they follow, we’ll
never escape life-like people
with mission bells tolling.
Secretly, I am doing a Fellini;
I am hosting the minstrel man.
I too like to play along, nodding
and bobbing, but they scream
into the bright night, You lit us up!
For the worst in us,
there’s only a distance of eyes
gauging flight from a grounded earth.

Handwritten words grope the chords
in our necks, knitting out a less-than
rotation of women on fire,
our sparkling genders debated
by the work of people unspoken.

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AN OUTLINE ON ANIMAL RIGHTS

She lifts the ocean to sky
(don't try this at night):

Does it cost you to talk
from elsewhere
roaming
you, antelope
you, beer swigger
you, alien-masked
masticator with
the double chins?

For your meat-eating daisy,
I'm building a skin-felt
ladder in space suit
to climb to
the cradles as they
sway in their rockets'
polished torn hymens—

And the backyard becomes
our fertilized guppy-pond,
a counterfeit sea to float
flesh-eaten songs upon.

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# P.F.S. POST

## PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

**Featured Poet: Chris McCabe (London, UK), author, *The Hutton Inquiry***

The emergence of Chris McCabe on the UK poetry stage heralds the arrival of a significant voice, one that is not afraid to be young, express "young" virtues—spontaneity, nerve, daring, humor (both coarse and refined), all balanced with an unflinching precision which validates the whole package.

McCabe is an urban poet with a keen awareness of history, and capable of a remarkably contemporary-feeling (and politicized, and class-conscious) pathos. He is a lyricist whose limber use of free verse invites comparison to the best writing of post-modernity. Moreover, McCabe's willingness to work with conceptual elements links him securely to the post-modern tradition. His "Progress Poems" demonstrate a facility for glib-seeming yet dead-on irony, putting our humanist notions of psycho-spiritual progress on the spit for a thorough (and hilarious) grilling.

*The Hutton Inquiry* is Chris McCabe's first book, from Salt Publishing. You can visit the Salt website (http://www.saltpublishing.com) to obtain a copy, and it can be ordered from any Barnes and Noble. Below is a six-poem "sampler." Here you'll find a good-size interview with McCabe, which makes clear what his aesthetic, cultural, and poetic agenda is.

**# 800: ivor cutler**

see you next time he said I said not
if I'm like this (turned my back) he
said then I'll be like this (turned his
back) & there might be mirrors in front of us

he said there might be mirrors in front of us
I said not if I'm like this (turned my
back) he said then I'll be like this

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts
- Adam Fieled (Henniker, New Hampshire): from Beams:...
- More from No Tell Motel
- from No Tell Motel
- from Borrowed House
- Tammy Armstrong (Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canad...
- From X-Peri
- More from Equations (Thesis: Julie Hayes)
- More from The Argotist Online (poetry archive)
- From The Argotist Online
- From Eyewear

Contributors
- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives

October 2005 November 2005 December 2005 January 2006 February 2006 March 2006 April 2006 May 2006 July 2006 August 2006 January 2007 February 2007 March 2007 April 2007 May 2007 June 2007 July 2007 August 2007 November 2007 December 2007 January 2008 February 2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March

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(turned his back) see you next time I said

**Zone**

at the helm of the lightmachine bus
enter first through the on-come glass
into operating system white
heads down in handheld gadgetry
with a springing sound herein described as DIGI-BOING
we step off the bus into map zoned 2
having dogeared the tube route with the double-decker
which means now we have more money
but are in more danger
lost in the blueshrieked glass peacock's back
of South London

**so every book is a car, then?**

It has been published that George Bush is a reformed alcoholic with a conviction for drunk-driving, before becoming president of the United States and the driver, publisher of the middle-east 'road map'. all aboard & welcome. belt-up in the back.

**# 659: cleaning habits**

& for some— to wash & clean up— is to
piss their own shit-stains from the toilet pan

**Network**
(after the first person to kill themselves live on the internet)

he told you he was hardcore.
his space in the network
was at equal distances
to everyone else— that is
immediate— simplified
into the boolean dichotomy
of voyeurism. he was the
watched. as he eat the string
of pills he could have
explained so much about

2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025 June 2025 July 2025

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the geo-technology of
network space being
harder, quicker, faster
along broad-banded
bandwidth, although in
the general sense an
analysis far short of
Dr Johnson re 'network'
"anything reticulated or
decussated, at equal
distances with interstices
between the intersections"
short but Johnson did
not risk life to prove a
decision compensated for
in the technical common
sense of his final words:
"if I look dead give me a call"

**# 1,906: bonnie & clyde**

on the run from cops this life
of crime turns me on
snakes wrapped around ankles
red indians know our evil instinctively
each town appears in green neon
& people complain of bad head
but it makes me glad yours

---

**Becky Hilliker (Boston, USA): "Catch"**

The wind turns the water into an animal
& the boat rides the back of swells,
bucking wetly.
My legs absorb the push & pull,
thinking only of the fish,
sleek & dripping on the line,
neon green parachute ballooning
from its mouth.

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I arch my back
& the rod dives.
The fish lifts, slimy as an egg,
spinning like a ballerina
on a silver thread,
its marble eye mute,
fixed on white.

How many times
did you find this world,
blinded, terrified?
There are hands on you
& pliers in your mouth,
metallic, blood-washed.
How many times have you waited
for the water
while everything lurches around you,
brilliant white, like the inside
of a hospital, like the underbelly
of a dream, gasping
to break the surface
toward that cold & sudden light?

© Becky Hilliker 2005

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**David Prater (Melbourne, Australia): "Dying on the Vine(s)"**

DYING ON THE VINE(S)

what happened to you boy the future
seemed too mad for some you were a
notorious phenomenon spoken of by
girls in reverent drools weird kind of
pop star heard of back in high school
if some girls said you were cool then
you were & while I could easily sneer
& pretend I knew you personally the
fact remains that you were out there

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doing what you wanted to (whether
on stage or in the recording studios
but it was your habit of returning to
that tour bus each night after those
erratic performances (this clinched
it no one understands the pain not
even you it's that trusted four track
on which you'd lay down metallic &
magnetic loops never to be heard by
any record company a confused fan
even the file-trading fiends & their
relatives those parasitic journalists
you saw horns coming out of their
heads & wished the in-stores could
be re-scheduled I guess the third &
fourth albums may be sadder affairs
compared with the highly-evolved
winning days you've shown us all
how high you can fly how low you
fell (you'll strike a chord for three
more death-defying minutes then
disappear completely just the way
you were supposed to jilting fame
throwing those stars back in their
small faces the last entries in your
missing tour diary reveal the bad
hours between gods leading up to
that weirdest decision the boot in
the heads of those whose support
you still need & whose dismissals
count for everything in this fickle
game you knew the rules & bowed
out sad screaming leave me alone
& for once this spiteful world did

---

**Jeffrey Side (London, UK): Six Poems**

SHE LEFT WITHOUT DELAY

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I mark the time when I fly high.
I'll be landing very soon.

I cannot relocate my genes.
I cannot fix the balloon.

When suspicion is in your heart
the innocent are hurt too.

My ambitions are paved with
thoughts of a nature aimed at you..

I'll take you off that man one day.
I'll take you at your word.

I'll take you very far away
to somewhere you preferred.

I need you in this room dead soon.
I need you in the air.

I need you on the moon in June.
I need you everywhere.

I knew someone who looked like you.
She haunts me to this day.

She was a screamer too.
She left without delay.

LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE THIS FAR FROM THE CHTHONIAN

we are moving towards
a theory of beauty
tremenous natures veiled
butane on jehoaphat

stigmata nationalist
condensation steals redemptive

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like cool alabaster twixt the
seasons of love and pornography

darkness is rechargeable
for ignition through
contemplation of stench
I was abandoned with reclaims

of the high nature and there
are no accidents except her
anatomy bred forth organism
like that time she stood me up her

dominant motherhood
wave-matron phallic surplus
condition of autonomy closing
her flesh envelope

over her minoan female tower
made me curious as I crept
towards moment maximum intensity
horizontal chain-like arranged

whereby conversation became
pointless camouflage
consumption for the sailors
was her call

DISTORTED REFLECTIONS

Make room
inside the
steaming glove
if you
have time to sell.

Keep to the right
all things
that please

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and things will turn
out well.

You must come
down
upon your knees
and admit
to all your thefts.

You must come
down
upon your knees
and pay
the fine that's left.

I cannot explore anymore.
I cannot count to ten.

The downward journey
was not fair
and roads congest again.

You have your torches
and have
become the symbols
you despised.

You cannot live a lie
this way
and still keep the things
you prized.

BABY STEPS

the high kingdom beautific
go we drop bassoonist

meadow jolly congeneric
wavering candle heronry

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you old heavens lenticular
love's day numinous

rubies after the kiss
trapped in brutality

river shades
lesbian celebrated

changing skin absorbed
lazarus regains the spear

destiny night reserved
uncas I heard a great voice

shell-encased turtledove
like walpurgisnacht

and tripoli like them
I'm gonna get home tonight

VOICES IN THE LIGHT

Sometimes voices
in the light
will call me back to them.

Back out of this
place where
I have spoken from.

And then I will turn my
back on you,
and on the storm-bled sea.

And even
on the sleeping faces
that will never wake for me.

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I will find myself
expanded
out of limitations plight.

And no earthly cause
or battle
will keep me in this fight.

And what will seem like
nothingness to
those that have remained

to me will seem like
childhood
when in the time of May.

GREENHEYS ROAD

The vessels of love crowd in.
Their traumas hidden
among the reeds.

No love is lost or given to them
as they clutter the minds
of thieves.

Strong, sober and drunk
I come to you.
My weakness revealed
in my glee.

And book-like I pray on
your need
to comfort - sometimes.

Now there is light.
And now there is dark.

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And that is the way that you
can pay
the charity you give
to men like me.

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